great, until the day before their departure. Perhaps I began to suffer a bit then from not daring to talk to him more freely, from the fact that he did not, or could not, invite me to. He excited me to work instead of distracting me. Yesterday I read him what I had written of *La Porte Stwite.* I didn't like it a bit: farther on I shall write down the things I noticed. I am almost ready to chuck it all into the fire. Copeau, a very good adviser, is able to see, in what I read him, only the preparation of something better. A few years ago I should have been utterly demoralized to have read, amorphous as they still are, these pages that I thought to be already perfect (or almost). Nothing is created without a divine patience.

Copeau, at twenty-seven, seems ten years older; his overexpressive face is already worn by sufferings. His shoulders are high and hard like those of someone who takes a great deal upon himself. The softness of his voice is at times almost disturbing; he would charm naturally if occasionally he did not try too hard to charm. He expresses himself so well that one is suspicious; his voice takes on just the inflection he wants; his gestures are never involuntary; it took me some time, I confess, to admit that it could all be genuine. One gets to the point of suspecting the sincerity of too impeccable expressions. Everything in him improves when better known, when explained — even if by himself.

Returned from Paris the day before yesterday. I have lost the key to iny little blue trunk in which I had hidden the notebook I am using as a journal.

Rather interesting luncheon Wednesday at Saint-Germain with Van Rysselberghe, Aristide Maillol, Van de Velde, at the

Maurice Denises' house.

Maillol talks with animation, graciousness, and innocence. He looks like an Assyrian from Toulouse. If only Mirbeau does not force him to "think"!

Denis is certainly not very happily inspired by Spain. But whereas I react as a Greek, he reacts as a Roman Catholic.

Van de Velde does not like fruit; moreover, he claims never to have eaten any and will not consent to eat what is so beautiful to see. Yet he has it served; at each meal his table is decorated with it, but he doesn't want anyone to touch it; at least he does not touch it himself. Of course he builds up a theory to justify his not eating it; most certainly an aesthetic reason: he maintains that the beauty of fruit invites platonic Contemplation; in short, he does not like fruit.